THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

VOL. VII.] *New-York....Saturday, October* 22....1808. [NO. 26.

TO OUR READERS.

HAVING completed the seventh volume of the Lady's Miscellany, and disposed of the establishment, we deem it our duty to tender sincere thanks to those ladies and gentlemen, who have honoured us with their support; at the same time have the pleasure to inform them that the work will pass into the hands of a gentleman, who, we trust, will render it more interesting, and in every respect worthy the support of a judicious public.

Those friendly correspondents, whose effusions have so frequently enriched the columns of the miscellany, will accept our grateful acknowledgments; we solicit a continuance of their favours, in behalf of the gentleman who in future will conduct its concerns.

The city subscribers to the Miscellany, will be regularly served with the paper, as usual; unless orders from themselves are received to the contrary.

The politeness of our friends, when our little accounts have hitherto been presented for settlement, merits our thanks; in the course of the ensuing week, they will again be respectively waited on; and while we assure them that we have weighty obligations to cancel, feel confident that our claims, however small, will merit their attention.

EDITOR.

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

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DANGER OF COQUETRY.

(Concluded.)

Jame son and his friend proceeded immediately to the house of Mrs. Granger, with whom Miss Bentham lodged, and under whose care he had left her when he departed to prepare for her reception as his bride, in the country. But what a change had this meeting with his friend effected, in the space of a few hours! It would be a difficult task to delineate the state of his mind, and the various changes which took place in the short period of time in passing from the house of his friend, to that of his mistress. Sometimes the idea of departed happiness, well-nigh overwhelmed him,

..... Subdued his best of man,
And gave him up to tears.

Then for a moment, a strong and just feeling of the usage he had received from Eliza, would come to his relief, and he seemed to enjoy the thought of seeing her overwhelmed with confusion, at the discovery he had to make of

his Lordship's villainy, by which her own treatment of her faithful lover was fully avenged : but the support derived from such sources as these, was very transient, and his fortitude to meet her, found its surest succour in the generous design of saving her from the threatened ruin.

As the interval was filled up with such a horrid conflict of agitating passions, it was happy for Jameson that the ladies were at home. He and his friend were immediately introduced to them. While all the four continued together, matters passed off pretty well, till (as had been pre-concerted) the friend withdrew with Mrs. Granger, to break the discovery to her, who having, as before stated, expressed her disapprobation of Eliza's proceedings, was an entire stranger to the length things had been carried between her and his Lordship. It is impossible, in matters in which we are deeply interested, to play the hypocrite with any success, and this difficulty is increased when mutual consciousness embarrasses the actors ; it begets an awkwardness that quickly betrays the parties. Eliza, to whom a little longer deception was necessary, endeavoured to think how she should have acted, was she now meeting Jameson as the man who was to be her future husband ; while consciousness on the part of Jameson, of the base and dissembled part she was acting towards him, roused his indignation, sufficiently to enable him to go through with the task he had imposed upon himself. Her first effort to prevent her sinking under a sense of shame, was to upbraid him with having entered into a plot to calumniate her new lover, to whom she had so many reasons for giving the preference ; but the entrance of Mrs. Granger, and the friend who had accompanied Jameson, together with the evidence by which he had first convinced him, and then Mrs. Granger, left her no longer any room for doubt. She stood petrified with the mingled emotions of shame at her detected baseness ; indignation at her new lover, admiration of the generosity of the old one ; and undissembled grief, that she had for ever lost him : in brief, she had no recourse left, but to fall into a fit, which it will require but a small portion of candour and good-nature to suppose real : her lovely and tender frame had too great a weight for nature to support. The lover and his friend took this opportunity to withdraw, as, indeed, delicacy required, and left her to the care of Mrs. Granger, and the women, by whose judicious attentions, her life was preserved, though left extremely weak. It was therefore thought proper to remove her into the country, which answered the two-fold purpose of better air to facilitate her recovery, and, what was every way full as essential, saving her from the mortification of encountering those who knew her story ; consisting

as in all similar cases, of those who pity, and those who insult; and we fear Miss Bentham's behaviour in the pride of beauty, had been such as to make the latter the predominant party. To the country, therefore, she went; not now as the honoured wife of the doating Jameson, going to the mansion prepared for her, as its mistress, and chief ornament, but to an obscure retreat, where she might rest from the strife of tongues—where she might hide a guilty head, and soothe the throbbings of a mortified heart.

Whoever contemplates the unfortunate Eliza's present situation will be ready to conclude, that she had endured enough to put her on her guard against all future attempts of the seducer, and prevent her from being caught with the splendid hope of rising above her proper level, in the way of marriage; but whoever draws such a conclusion, will form too hasty a judgment, will manifest too great a degree of ignorance of the incorrigible nature of a coquetish disposition. The vile Lord, who was the cause of her present state of humiliation, had studied this sort of character to more advantage, and considered her as too desirable an object, to be suffered thus easily to elude his grasp. And here it is not easy to resist the opportunity of marking the difference between chaste and illicit love, in the person of Jameson and his Lordship. With the former, we see, it was not enough that her person remained uncontaminated; the alienation of her affections was alone sufficient to destroy his ardent passion, because his love was fixed on that which was polluted, in her having meditated to be the wife of another; after she had led him to believe that he alone reigned in her heart. Here his soul had sought repose; but not finding it a place of rest, had, like the weary dove, retired again within his own bosom, and desire had ceased.

Far otherwise was the case of his Lordship: her suitableness to gratify such a passion as his was, remained unchanged; and the short interruption to the accomplishment of his wishes which had intervened, served only to quicken appetite, while her discovery of his design, and her consequent indignation, stimulated his revenge. None but a veteran in the arts of seduction, none but one who well knows the character of a coquette, as above observed, could have been hardy enough to indulge the expectation of succeeding by a repetition of the game he had so lately played, and spreading the net she had so lately escaped: yet so it was.

Having, by his emissaries kept himself acquainted with every step she had taken, the place of her retreat, and the cause of it, he allowed a reasonable time to elapse, for her present feeling of shame and disappointment to abate: much

time was not necessary where her story was not known, with a lady of Miss Bentham's disposition; and her spirits were quickly sufficiently revived, to be able to attend an assembly held at the market-town in the neighbourhood of her retreat, and very shortly after her appearance there, to carry her head high, and aim at being the principle figure in the piece. Thus a door was again set open for his Lordship to renew his intrigues and begin his attack.

The plot laid for the final accomplishment of her ruin, was simple, yet well calculated to answer the end proposed: it only required his Lordship to furnish one of his French domestics with a gay coat, a smart hired chariot, and a couple of liveries with a little more lace than ordinary, to attract attention. A handsome fellow thus fitted out, would easily pass in a country assembly, for a foregner of distinction, and as such he made his appearance, just when Eliza's heart had recovered its wonted flutter of joy, at scenes of gaiety and pleasure. In about an hour after the assembly opened, the gay Count (which was the title he had assumed) entered, splendidly dressed, and with an air of dignity, proportioned to the splendour of his equipage. His air, his look, his manner, bespoke the man of fashion: in short, he was just such a man as Miss Bentham would wish to captivate. To her unspeakable joy, and beyond her most sanguine hopes, when the country-dances begun he approached her with the most respectful air, and, with a profound bow, solicited the honour of her hand. It may truly be said, that, at this moment, Miss Bentham tasted the highest gratification of which her nature was capable: singled out by the man who rose so superior to the other gentlemen present, and, of course, envied in the same proportion by every female in the assembly, all the disagreeable recollections connected with the idea of Jameson, vanished from her mind, and she might say, with Richard, in Shakespeare, when the troubles and affrights caused by the appearance of the ghosts, had subsided, "Eliza's herself again." She immediately began to construe the marked attentions of her gay partner, as proofs of her own power of charming, and which she quickly found realized by his subsequent conduct. Under the pretext of being immediately wounded by the beauties of her person, and brilliancy of her wit, the Count commenced a lover in form: while his attendants, according to the instructions they received, threw out proper hints, which yet appeared as if extorted by the eager curiosity of the neighbours, to magnify the importance and dignity of the Count in his own country.

Our readers, who must by this time have formed a pretty just idea of Miss Bentham's character,

will have discovered, before we can inform them, the obvious and natural result of a plot thus laid. The Count had instruction from his principle, on no account to risk the proposal of a private marriage, but to proceed regularly and openly to solemnize the nuptials in the village where she resided; transmitting, at the same time that his Lordship sent his last instructions, an instrument, or obligation, for a sum sufficient to convey him in safety to France, and fully compensate him for the loss of his Lordship's service, when he should have delivered the hapless, deeply-deceived, victim, untouched into his hands. It will be recollected, that, in the plan laid for her ruin, by a pretended marriage, as given in our last number, it was to be celebrated at the house of a female relation of his Lordship's. This house was a retired country-seat of his own; and the female relation, a housekeeper, as duly qualified for her office, as old mother Sinclair, in Clarissa, or any other of the hellish tribe. This house being within an easy day's journey of the village, the Count proposed their setting out immediately after the ceremony, and that they should spend the first evening at the seat of a very intimate friend of his, who was, indeed, in town, but whose servants would pay the same attention to him as if their master was present; and his absence, he hinted, at the present conjuncture, would be rather agreeable to her than otherwise. He knew he was perfectly safe in making this proposal, as his bride had never been near the place, the discovery having been made before she had been conveyed thither; and no farther contrivance was necessary, than that the few servants should appear in liveries different from those she had seen with his Lordship.

We are now to accompany Miss Bentham through the last day of enjoyment and peace vouchsafed her in this world; to behold her, who had rejected and despised the genuine affection of Jameson, generously devoting his life to her happiness, delivered over a helpless, yet unsuspecting prey, into the hands of the most cruel of men.

The morning was ushered in with the ringing of bells, which gave an air of festivity to the village, while the carriage which had attracted so much notice during the Count's residence there, paraded in its utmost splendour towards the church, to receive the new-married pair as soon as the ceremony was ended. The lovely victim, whom, notwithstanding her folly, we are sure our readers will pity, appeared in all her glory on the occasion; and being handed into the carriage by the pretended Count, was whirled away towards his lordship's seat, according to the plan laid for the accomplishment of the scheme. The vile seducer had taken care to arrive in time to enjoy the sight of her

approach from a secret place, whose entrance "under the fatal battlements" where such a deed was to be perpetrated, might have made the raven almost as hoarse as the murder of Duncan. She was received by the female Cerberus with all the respectful attention due to the delicacy of a bride of twelve hours, and assured, that such had been the Count's tenderness to her on this head, that she herself was the only person entrusted with the secret of her being so; nay, that he had given the most particular directions about the time and manner of being conducted to the bridal-chamber; adding, with a half-stifled laugh, "Surely, my lady, you fully possess the happy art of inspiring a lover with awe, and have taught the Count to maintain due distance and reserve, since the impression remains after he is become a husband, when the most respectful of them are apt to break loose from all restraint, and often seem to enjoy our confusion on these occasions."

By arts like these, the way was prepared for the substitution of his Lordship in the place of the real bridegroom, who, having faithfully and completely executed his commission, received his reward, and before morning, was far advanced in his journey towards France, beyond the reach of the laws he had violated.

Despair of being able to give even a feeble representation of the distresses to which the next morning awakened the unfortunate Eliza, induces us here to close the scene, and leave them to be conceived by the feeling part of our readers, and the story to operate as a warning to as many as shall think the subject worthy their attention.

ON FLATTERY.

Flattery is praise carried to excess. To tell a woman she is handsome, is to praise her; to tell her one is not so handsome as she is, is to flatter her.

This species of flattery is little obnoxious or inconvenient. What signifies whether we exaggerate the beauty, talent, wit, merit, or virtue, of any being, if that being be really distinguished by talent or merit, and really handsome, witty, or virtuous. All we have to fear, is that the judgment which we pass on that person is much beneath his own opinion. It is very rare to find any one who does not value himself more than he is worth.

But flattery is often liable to real inconvenience; this is when it raises defects into laudable qualities, and vices into virtues. It then becomes falsehood. Flattery, in this case, is the more dangerous, as it is always sure of success, be-

cause it smothers the cry of conscience, and rids us of importunate reflexions, such as we cannot investigate without blushing.

The powerful are doomed to be flattered. How can it be otherwise? They look upon themselves as privileged beings, and would be dissatisfied at not being considered as such. Besides this, their condition unfortunately obliges them to keep at a certain distance from other men; they vainly bestow their confidence; they never inspire any.

Flatterer and courtier are two synonymous words in every language. La Fontaine pretends we can never praise too much—"The gods, our mistress, and our king."

The first may pass; there is little danger in the second; the last may lead to serious consequences. It might perhaps have been better expressed: there are three kinds of people, who never think they are praised too much; "Kings, women, and authors."

A slight knowledge of mankind, is sufficient to learn that the most certain way of obtaining their confidence and favour, is to praise them boldly to their face; and as it might be dangerous to be ingenious, and that moreover, nothing is to be gained by frankness, every one prefers becoming a flatterer.

The flatterer rarely raises his voice. His smile is gracious, his looks gentle and caressing: he is humble in his address, insinuating in his language, supple and polite in his manners. Every thing astonishes, pleases, and charms him in the person whose good graces he wishes to conciliate. He weeps or laughs with him, adopts his friendships and his dislikes, approves all he does, or says, and identifies himself so much with him, as to make his presence a want, and his company a necessity.

There are flatterers by character, these are the smallest in number. Other flatterers are so from interest; these are numerous. The former address themselves indiscriminately; even to those from whom they expect nothing; the latter attach themselves solely to those from whom they hope for riches or honours. The first, see in a person only a subject to flatter; the second attend only to the power and credit of the person flattered. One speaks without premeditation, the other says nothing but what he has previously studied. One rarely visits antechambers; the other passes one third of his life in them.

It is said that flattery is a poison; true, but a poison so sweet, that no one mistrusts it, and no one repulses the person who knows how to prepare and offer it.

Flattery is less formidable to a fool, than to a wise man, because it is scarcely possible to flatter

a fool more than he flatters himself.

The arts are necessarily flatterers. A picture, or a statue, would remain in the hands of the painter, or sculptor, if they did not give a handsome likeness of the original. An architect who might be engaged to build a house, would find all his plans rejected, were he not to sacrifice simplicity, to the obligation of exhibiting in the most trifling details, the riches and magnificence of the proprietor.

A book frequently owes its success merely to the name of the person to whom it is dedicated. A celebrated engraver published a print, representing *Charles I.* on horseback. *Cromwell* reigned, the print had no sale: the artist substituted the Protector's head for that of the King, and the print met with prodigious success.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

VARIETY.

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ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

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ACROSTIC.

To J——a F——a.

J ust as the *Sun* emerging from a cloud
U pon our globe sheds rad'ancy around,
L ike him, thy *writings* give effulgent light,
I nstilling virtue, by examples bright,
A nd from them, all who read, receive delight.
F rom me accept the tribute of just praise;
R eceive the homage due thy beauteous lays:
A nd blush not, sweet instructress, for indeed,
N one can deny the justness of the meed.
C ould I have pow'r among the *Nine* to chuse,
E ager for fame, I'd supplicate *thy* muse:
S oftness, like thine, I ne'er can else attain,
C an ne'er give birth to one melodious strain,
A nd all my efforts dull must still remain.

NOVICE.

DEAN SWIFT OUTWITTED BY THE COBLER.

An English gentleman having some occasion to see the Dean, went over to Ireland, for the purpose of waiting on him; but being an entire stranger to the country, he made many ineffectual enquiries after his place of residence; till at length he found out a cobler's stall in the vicinity of his mansion, where, seeing the man at work, he enquired of him where the Dean lived. The cobler, pursuing his business, and unmindful of the enquirer, replied. "I know nothing at all at all about him." In the interim, a woman passing by, and hearing the conversation, asked the cobler if he was not ashamed to say he did not know the Dean, when he lived but a few doors from him? The cobler still persisting in his answer, the woman directed the gentleman to the

Dean, who it would be unnecessary to mention, received him with that politeness and hospitality distinguishable to himself and the country. After the dean and his guest had completed the business they had been investigating, they went into general topics of conversation; in the course of which, the gentleman told the Dean he was astonished that a man of his public character should be so little known: So little known, replied the Dean, I am known from one end of Ireland to the other! Not a shoeblack, nor a chandler's shop, but could direct you! How happens it then, says the gentleman, that the cobler opposite, now at work in his stall, says he does not know you? Not know me? replies the Dean, in warmth, not know me! I ll send for him directly, and know the cause of this insult. He sent for the cobler, who attended forthwith, when enquiring of him how he dared to say he did not know him? the cobler (scratching his head) said, your honour, I never knows a man I never drank with, and I never drank with your honour. The Dean conceiving him to be one of his sort in eccentricity, said, well, cobler, we will be better acquainted; and ordering up a bottle of wine, bid him sit down and drink with him, which, while they were doing cheek by jole, as the saying is, the Dean enquired after his pursuits in life—as, how he lived, what family he had, &c.—The cobler told him he had a wife, and six children, and nothing but his labour to depend on. The Dean then asked him if it would do him a service, were he to lend him 5*l*, and to take it by instalments at 2*s*. per week; to which the cobler answered, he should consider him the best friend he ever had. The Dean immediately gave him the money, with a positive injunction, that he should come on that day week, and every succeeding day on the weeks following, till the whole of the money should be paid; which the cobler agreeing to, they had recourse to the conversation and the bottle. When the cobler found the bottle nearly exhausted, he asked the Dean if he would grant him a favour. The Dean, after some hesitation, said he could not grant him a favour, unless he knew the conditions. The other said he could not propose it unless he unconditionally agreed to a compliance, stating, there was nothing improper in it. The Dean conceiving the cobler an oddity, like himself, agreed to grant it. The cobler then said, will you agree to cobler's laws? Cobler's laws! said the Dean. But I have promised, and will agree. Then, said the Cobler, the cobler's law is this, that he who is the receiver, treats; and, as I have received five pounds of you this night, here is my two shillings for the bottle of wine. The Dean took his money, and, at parting, desired him to be punctual, which the cobler promised. On the first day of payment, the cob-

ler went to fulfil his engagement, and paid the Dean his first instalment, which after having received, he was leaving the room, when the cobler told him he was the receiver, and of course he must treat him.—Deuce take you, said the Dean, if coblers' law obliges me to treat you with a bottle of wine every time you pay me two shillings, I'd better be without your custom. Keep the money, and don't trouble me any more.

Extemporaneous Effusions.

A buttock of beef is solid food; but a good conscience is solid satisfaction. Can the taste of the finest turtle be compared with the tranquility of the mind, or the fat of the finest venison with the feelings of the virtuous man? Can claret give content, or porter peace? They both too often throw the little world of man into commotions not very favourable to himself, or to the community. By porter, some men in the lowest classes of society, with no more political knowledge, than a Robinhood orator, are sometimes sufficiently elevated to think themselves able to give the premier advice: and by claret others, in highest ranks of life, with understandings very little superior to those of their postilions, have presumption enough to imagine that they can manage the west end of the town, with the address of a *North.*

It is a truth not sufficiently enforced, and when enforced, not always admitted, though one of the most useful and important for the government of our conduct, and this it is—that every man, however great in station or in fortune, is mutually dependant upon those who are dependant upon him. In a social state, no man can be truly said to be safe, who is not under the protection of his fellow creatures: no man can be called happy, who is not possessed of their good will and good opinion; for God never yet endowed a human creature with sensibility to feel an insult, but that he gave him also powers to express his feelings, and propensity to revenge it.

The meanest and most feeble insect, that is provided with a sting, may pierce the eye of the elephant, on whose odour it subsists and feeds.

Self-consequence abashed by Simplicity.

A simple rustic boy, trudging along with a loaf of bread under each arm, was met by the 'Squire of the parish, who, being offended at the want of an obeisance, sternly said, "Sirrah! I think you might move your hat."—"So I will," replied the boy, "if you will hold one of my loaves the while."

There is but one test of friendship: a test by which no one would try the genuineness of it:—and this is, *necessity:* and yet, without

that, it is not easy to know whether the professions of our friends flow from the *heart*, or only stream from the *lips*.

The country esquire limits his ambition to a pre-eminence in the knowledge of horses ; that is, an animal that will convey him with credit, ease, and safety, the little journey he has to go. The philosopher directs his ambition to some well-grounded science, which may, with the same ease, credit, and safety, transport him through every stage of being ; so that he may not be overthrown by passion, nor trailed insipidly along by apathy.

Straws swim upon the surface, but pearls lie at the bottom. Shewy parts strike every common eye, but solid ones are only to be discerned by the most accurate observers of the human head and human heart.

PAINTING.

Many circumstances highly affecting in narration, are glaringly improper for the tablet of the painter. Of this class is the circumstance of the Grecian Daughter, affording nutriment to her aged parent. The story is barely tolerable in the hands of the serious dramatist ; but on canvass, the figure of an old man, placed in the situation of an unconscious infant, is perfectly disgusting.

SOCIETY.—Man is inconsiderable by his single exertions : it is only by uniting his efforts with those of his species, that he produces any thing of consequence. The bee is a small insect, and the ant still smaller, yet by association, they build themselves a name and a monument more valuable than the solitary lion is able to boast.

The most necessary virtue, that gives woman the greatest degree of power, is modesty. This amiable quality influences the features, the air, the mind, in such a manner, that every thing shocks us, where this is wanting,

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EDWIN AND ANNA.

BENEATH a lofty waving wood,
Beside a murmuring rill,
Half hidden *Colin's* cottage stood,
Well sheltered by the hill.

His fare was coarse, his flocks were few,
But still content he found ;
Colin ne'er *fell ambition*, knew,
Ne'er trod on courtly ground.

Till setting sun he'd cheerful toil,
At hasvest home rejoice ;
At eve to bless his GOD for all,
He'd tune his rustic voice.

A wife he had, in virtue tried,
When youthful she was fair ;
A daughter too, the hamlet's pride,
Her parents fondest care.

In Anna's form each grace combin'd,
By art unaided shone ;
Her face bespoke a heavenly mind,
Fair virtue's brightest throne.

Unconscious still, the lovely maid,
Of all those pow'rs to please ;

Her cheerful countenance pourtray'd
Sweet innocence and ease.

A pleasing and a useful friend,
Colin in Phelim found;
Ne'er were they known for to contend,
Tho' tilling neighbouring ground.

A graceful youth, first pledge of love,
Was Phelim's only son;
Whose soul seem'd form'd to soar above
The humble course he ran.

Edwin possess'd a generous heart,
Was noble and sincere;
To him 'twas e'er a pleasing part,
Another's woes to share.

His form was comely, straight, and tall,
Supple as sapling oak;
He e'er, at village sports, from all,
Contested prizes took.

When Ann and Edwin trip'd the green,
To *Phelim's* rustic lay;
Each village nymph, and rural swain
Confess'd superior sway.

With joy would *Colin's* bosom glow,
Enraptur'd *Phelim* gaz'd;
And oft the pearly tear would flow,
Or güsten in their eyes.

Their happy lives thus onward roll'd,
Each day new rapture brought;
The youthful pair their loves had told,
Their parents' sanction sought.

Their parents too, full glad to find,
Their fondest wish fulfill'd;
With joy their children's hands had join'd,
The nuptial day had will'd.

But ah! such bliss was not to last,
The prospect tho' thus fair;
Unknown to them the die was cast,
That doom'd them to despair.

The manor's lord, ill-favor'd youth,
By nature unadorn'd;
Was bred at court, a foe to truth,
And honor's dictates scorn'd.

He, to his passions e'er a slave,
Ne'r own'd another guide;
Nor thought that aught, this side the grave,
Could check his impious pride.

Thus wealthy, powerful, and base,
He prowl'd around for prey;
And hapless Anna's beauteous face
Had caught his lustful eye.

And, as the fierce, but wily fox,
When issued from his den,
To feed on unsuspecting flocks,
Lurks round the peaceful pen;

So lurk'd around the lover's haunts,
This lord, with ruffians base;
And tore his Ann, with brutal taunts,
From Edwin's fond embrace.

With wild distraction Edwin burn'd,
And vowing vengeance dread,
Upon the ravisher he turn'd,
Whose pistol laid him dead.

The villian then, whose fiend-like mind,
Nor cries nor pray'rs could touch,
His victim cruelly did bind,
And dragg'd her to his coach.

He to his mansion then convey'd,
And forc'd her to his bed;
The morning saw poor Ann betray'd,
And all her senses fled.

The wretched parents mourn'd a while,
The law in vain they try'd;
(For wealth can justice oft beguile)
Then sickened and died.

Long while did Ann the country round
A wretched maniac roam;
Till death, in mercy, for her found
Contentment in the tomb.

NOVICE.

FEMALE LOVE FORSAKEN.

Too late for redress, but too soon for my ease,
I saw you, I lov'd, and I studied to please;
Reflexion stood still, while I fancy'd your eyes
Read the language of mine, and replied to my sighs.

Thus cheated by Hope, I unheeded went on,
And judg'd of your heart by the throb of my own;
Delusive fond Hope seem'd, alas! to persuade,
That my love was return'd, my friendship repaid.

But alas! all is chang'd, and with anguish I find,
Words and looks were but civil, when I thought them kind;
Idea no longer its succour would lend,
To form the fond lover, or fix the firm friend.

Then lie still, foolish heart, and beat thee to rest,
I'll drive this tormentor, this love, from my breast;
I'll break this gay bauble my folly has made,
And punish this heart, which self-love has betray'd.

MARRIAGE.

Marriage should be considered as the most solemn league of perpetual feiendship: a state from which artifice and concealment are to be banished forever; and in which every act of dissimulation is a breach of faith.

The infelicity of marriage is not to be urged against its institution, as the misery of life proves equally, that life cannot be the gift of heaven. Marriage is not commonly unhappy, but life is unhappy; and the most of those who complain of connubial misery, have as much satisfaction as their natures would have admitted, or their conduct procured, in any other condition.

Marriage has many *pains*, but celibacy has no *pleasures!*

PERSIAN FABLE.

I was walking in a beautiful meadow, with my friend, where I saw a man, who I knew to be a villian, sleeping in great comfort and tranquility. Good heavens! exclaimed I, the evils which this man has committed, do not break his repose! God, said my friend, suffers villains to sleep, that honest men may live undisturbed.

Religion is the only balm for a wounded spirit, It is the only sure staff for the weary traveller through this wilderness of misery and sin. What an inexpressible grace does it throw over the countenance and actions of its sincere votaries! It purifies, it adorns, it ennobles our nature. By it we are lifted far above the little considerations of an existence, short as the winter twilight, and unimportant as the faint vision of a distant star. We are led by its influence, to contemplate "the first good, first perf... and first fair"—and as without...

aid of a telescope, the shipwrecked sailor could never discern in the far-off horizon the vessel that is to bring him relief, but might abandon himself to despair: so without religion, man's views would be confined to a narrow circle of melancholy incidents and thoughts; and he might resign his mind to the dreadful idea, that the earth was his only home, and that death was an eternal sleep. But now he soars in the certainty to other worlds of endless duration, where he shall join his parents, and his friends, in the presence of a common God.

EXTRACT.

"I have seen," says a writer of the sixteenth century, "a Rose, newly springing from the clefts in its hood, and at first it was fair in the morning, and full with the dew of heaven as a lambs fleece; but when a rude breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to recline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age; it bowed the head, and broke its stalk; and at night, having lost some of its leaves, and all its beauty, fell into the portion of weeds, and outworn faces."—Such is Beauty, when the blooming rose of virtue is rifled by the insicious hand of some despoiler!

From the Staunton (Vir.) Censor.

Religious Enthusiasm.——On Thursday, a man by the name of S———, living in Lynchburg, in a fit of fanaticism, sent the Cryer with his bell round the town, to inform the citizens, that at a given hour, there would be a *burnt sacrifice offered up*, on the hill in the front of the town. At the hour appointed, several casks, containing Rum, French brandy, whiskey, &c. to the amount of 400 gallons, or upwards, were drawn in a dray to the summit of the hill, and fire sat to them. In vain did a brother, and several of his neighbours prevail upon him to sell his spirits, and distribute the proceeds thereof to the poor—he was unalterable—the will of his Maker should be done—and while the flame was destroying the avails of his industry, he, accompanied by two blacks, in a devout attitude, was thanking his creator, that he was not "like the publican." We have received the above information from a gentleman who was an eye witness to the scene.

Rock, the comedian when at Covent Garden, advised one of the scene-shifters, who had met with an accident, to the plan of a subscription; and a few days afterwards, he asked for the list of names, which, when he had read it over, he returned. "Why, Rock," says the poor fellow, "won't *you* give me something?" "Why, zounds, man, didn't I give you the *hint*?"

Let somebody else do it, is a very common expression of lazy per-

sons.—A man who made this reply on every occasion, was told by his wife—"It is now four years since our last child was born; if we had one more, we should have just half a dozen." The husband very cooly replied—"*Let somebody else do it.*"—History cannot furnish another instance of *such* laziness.

Singular embarrassment.

Garrick, though accustomed to face multitudes, when once subpoened as a witness, was in Westminster-Hall so disconcerted by this new mode of *public appearance*, that he could scarcely comprehend a question that was asked him. It was a cause wherein an actor claimed *a free benefit*, that is, a benefit, without paying the expences of the house, but the meaning of the term was disputed, and Garrick was asked, "Sir, have *you* a free benefit?"—"I have."—"What terms have you it upon?" "The terms of a—of a—a—a—free benefit." He was dismissed, as one from whom no information could be obtained.

Our city Inspector reports the death of 34 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.

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MARRIED,

On Saturday evening, Mr. Stephen Cornwell, to Miss Eliza Brown, daughter of Mr. Robert Brown, all of this city.

On Saturday evening, the 8th inst. by the rev. Mr. Townley, Mr. Charles Lockwood, to Miss Eliza Coddington, daughter of the late Mr. John Coddington.

On the 6th inst. at Friends Meeting-house, near Princeton, N. Jersey Mahlon Gillingham, merchant, of Philadelphia, to Miss Susan Clarke, of Stony-Brook

On Friday evening, by the rev. Mr. Bourke, Louis B. de Niroth, Esq. to Miss Sarah Vansteenbergh, second daughter of the late Mr. Samuel Vansteenbergh.

At Philadelphia, on the 6th inst. by the rev. Dr. Wilson, Mr John Lapsley, to Miss Frances Anderson, daughter of Col. Alexander Anderson, all of that city.

At Woodbridge, N. Jersey, on Saturday afternoon last, by the rev. Dr. Roe, Mr. Alexander Edgar, to Miss Sarah Crowell, both of that place.

At Fell's point, Baltimore, on Wednesday evening, by the rev. Dr. Battoone, Mr. William Phillips, of the U. S. navy, to Miss Anne Parkinson, of Baltimore.

On Wednesday evening, by the rev. Dr. Rogers. Mr. James A. Bayard, jun. to Miss Harriet Nicolls, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening, by the rev. Mr. Lisle, Mr. William Ward, son of Col. Ward, to Miss Sally Warner, all of this city.

On Wednesday evening, by the rev. Mr. Kuypers, Mr. Caleb S. Halstead, merchant, to Miss Margaret Roome, grand-daughter of Mr. Henry Roome, all of this city.

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The Title page and Index of this will be given with the first number of the next volume.

NEW PROSPECTUS

FOR

THE LADY'S WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

By agreement with the present peoprietor, the Establishment of THE LADY'S WEEKLY MISCELLANY will be vested in the subscriber on the 22d day of October next.

The Miscellany will be issued, as usual, in numbers of sixteen octavo pages, and form two large volumes annually. Its merits will consist of Original and Selected Articles, calculated to instruct the understanding, refine the taste, and embellish the minds of its FAIR READERS. VARIETY, "always charming," will be sedulousy attended to. The heart-melting narrative of the NOVELIST, and the high wrought picturesque of ROMANCE, shall decorate the pages of the Miscellany. From FICTION'S FOUNT we shall draw largely, and we hope, judiciously. At the shrine of APOLLO, we shall pay our devoirs——The brilliant effusions of POETIC fancy, and the scintillations of wit, will command our attention. Nor shall Biography, Theatrical, and other Criticisms, be neglected. The pleasing and enlivening Anecdote, the FASHIONS, and every thing necessary to a work of this nature, shall be duly noticed.

The subscriber offers this subscription paper thus early that those who are not already may become patrons of the work, at the beginning of the next volume, the first number of which will be published on the 29th of October next.

TERMS.—To be delivered to city subscribers at *one dollar* a volume, *to be paid for at the conclusion of the volume.* Persons residing out of this city, to pay in advance.

The low price at which this LITTLE FAVOURITE of the FAIR is issued, and the quantity of useful and interesting matter which it will contain, ought to insure it that encouragement which is hoped,

By the Public's most obelient humble servant,

EDWARD WHITELY.

New-York, Sept. 1st 1808.

AGENTS

For the present Editor,

The following gentlemen will give receipts for the editor:—John Dabny, Es. Salem, Mass. Benj West, Esq. Providence, R. I. Mr. M. Shephard, Post-office, Hartford. Mathias Day, Esq. Newark. Alexander Coffin, Esq. Hudson. S. Morford, Esq. Princeton, N. J G W Mancius Es. Albany T Webster, Esq. General post-office, Washington city. and Mr. R. R. Thompson, Savannah, Geo.

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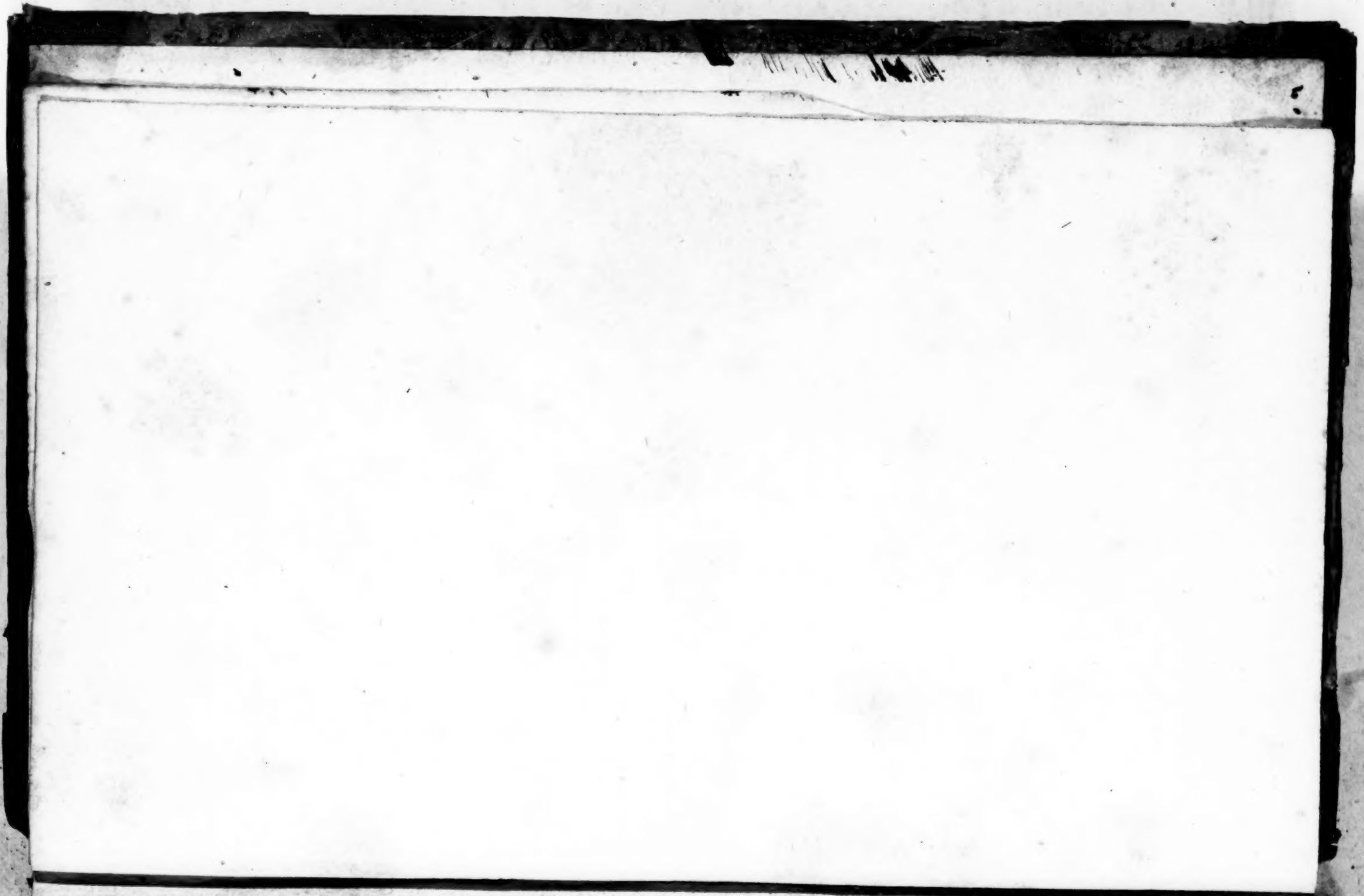

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